



H i s
Prayer of Hate

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Recently, the Kaiser bestowed upon one of his subjects, high official decoration and many evidences of marked favor for having written Germany's Prayer of Hate.

Perhaps this is irrefragible proof of that super-eminent state of *Culture*, claimed as justification for Germanic World Dominion.

Readers will recognize in the inclosed Prayer, the quotations appearing in *italics*.

Recently, complete investigations, supported by chemical and microscopical tests, conclusively disclosed the use by the Germans of concealed phosphorous within their shrapnel and shells. This horrible, insidious poison immensely accentuates and prolongs the sufferings of the wounded, making their recovery impossible even after dismissal from the hospitals; the bones and tissues slowly withering in long lingering death in life;—the motive being to prevent the return of the wounded to active service.

Such Germanic savagery is merely in accord with its violation of *all* the internationally adopted rules of Warfare, and of which Germany is the leading Signatory.

HIS PRAYER OF HATE

BY

GEORGE GRANT MORRISON

THE great cathedral trembles with the organ's
thundering tones
Of surging, vibrant melody, its soul of
grandeur owns;
And sweet and clear, so rich and full
the Gloria ascends,
It seems a choir of angels with the
mortal chorus blends;
But thousands there that strive to check the
tears and still the pain,
Are swayed in muffled sobbing for their
dear amid the slain;
Their own among the millions slaughtered —
as the price of hate,
So enthroned Greed and Vanity may
rule in vaster State.

THE Royal Paranoiac sits apart in
sumptuous chair,
But on that insane visage naught of holy
calm is there;
And as the preacher's earnest words implore
the Throne of Grace,
For Love Divine to hallow all within
that sacred place,
The monarch sitting there aloof, assumes a
sullen gaze,
That deepens to a glare of hate — the
while the pastor prays:
Then he too, breathes a prayer, but silently
with mind aflame,
A Prayer of Hate, invoking dread
fulfillment in God's Name.

WAR'S greatest Master of the Past, proclaimed
 that on the side
 Of heaviest battalions, God, Thou ever art
 allied :
 Am I not greater far, than he whose armies,
 as to mine
 Were absurd fractions of my hosts? — my
 glories grander shine!
 And since my arms are heaviest, why fail
 I then to crush
 These English, whose "contemptible small forces"
 make me blush?
"Oh, God! I hate, how I do hate this England" —
 whom I jeer!
"I have one foe, and one alone; 'tis England" —
 whom I fear!

MY hate is as all poisons, merged; I hate
 like fires of hell:
 Yea, I shall place dread phosphorus concealed
 in shot and shell,
 So that the wounded enemy will know
 a thousand deaths
 In lingering, wasting agonies, before their
 final breaths:
 But "*French and Russian matter not; I have*
one foe alone!"
 My "*Battle is of bronze and steel,"* with
 poisons all my own:
"I hate with head; I hate with hand;
I hate with hammer, crown;"
 But why cannot this hammering hate,
 strike hated England down?

AGAIN the organ rumbles into floods of
 richest sound;
 New souls of hearing waken, touched
 by new crescendos found:
 Then bursts the anthem, "Praise to God
 from whom all blessings flow:"
 The Kaiser glowers still with hate —
 "Plunge England into woe!"
 "My empire, over all, supreme: the world's
 dominion mine:
 Such is my bounden right, for I am
 nearest God, divine!"
 In crazed blaspheming vanity, his soul
 to hell is pawned;
 Shall God stay mocked by such a mind
 from deep perdition spawned?

A Nation

—like as an individual—
may be

Insane!

P o w e r

is built upon a stupendous basis
of innumerable fools.



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